Library of the
PACIFIC UNITARIAN SCHOOL
FOR THE MINISTRY
Berkeley, California

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of Good.—James Freeman Clarke.

Vol. XLVII APRIL, 1939 No. 10

OUR EASTER LESSON

We bury a seed in the dark brown earth,
Patiently waiting its hour of birth.
The sun will shine, the rain will fall,
God's tender care will guard it all.
The seed will sprout, the leaf will grow,
The lily its heart of gold will show.
With joy we'll hail its sweet perfume
And read a lesson in its bloom.

We bury the forms we love away,
Patiently waiting a coming day.
A risen Christ will bring again
Forms that for years in dust have lain.
For like the seed, the leaf, the flower
They'll feel a thrill of quickening power.
On shining wings they'll upward rise
To purer air and fairer skies.

We lay the loved in faith away,
'Tis the emblem sweet of our Easter day.
—*Mary B. Wingate.*

THE LORD'S PRAYER

By Ada L. Forster

"*Lord, Teach Us to Pray*"—Luke 11:1

THOUSANDS of sermons have been preached on the Lord's Prayer. In this day, when so many strange things are being said about prayer, when so few of us really pray, and when so many Christians are uncertain what our attitude toward prayer should be, we turn with a sense of security and peace to what Jesus taught and thought about prayer-life. After all, if we want an answer we can all understand about prayer, it is here in Jesus' answer to His disciples' question.

We need not draw upon our imagination much to understand that His disciples asked Jesus to teach them to pray because they had learned to wonder at and admire His own prayer-life. We must remember that they did not know something about prayer when they asked of Him to be taught. They knew the prayers of the temple ritual. These they understood to be the duties of certain hours in the day and certain seasons of Jewish life.

There was the thought of prayer for forgiveness, typified at its best by that yearly journey of the High Priest into the Most Holy Place, in their behalf. Doubtless they would hold Moses' prayer that if Israel could not be forgiven, he, himself, would prefer to be blotted out, as the most unselfish kind of prayer. With their Master, they knew the self-condemnation of the Pharisee to be no prayer at all, and the cry of the poor, sinful heart to be the more justifiable, but yet, often, the prayer of a man who felt God to be far away—too far away. But Jesus, their Master, His prayer-life was different. His was prayer of such partnership with God that He was satisfied. Besides, there was purity, peace and power in Him such as they had seen in no other. How they longed for it; how we long for it and the prayer-life that brings it.

"O Sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of skies above;
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love."

There was, then, in their asking to be taught to pray the fact that man wants somewhere to go spiritually, and that they had seen a man who had somewhere to go.

Jesus, in his answer, gives an example of normal prayer. This prayer is that of life when things are usual. Jesus had other times of prayer about which we know. Who can fathom His prayer on Mount Hermon, when His extraordinary intimacy with God, with the past, present and future of man's need, caused His

Publication Office
134 Summer Street, Boston, Mass.

Monthly, except August
50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents

Bessie Dickerson Ducey, Editor
159 Grandview Ave., Wollaston, Mass.

Check, post-office order, or stamps should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass.

"Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103. Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 17, 1922."

face to shine so that His disciples never could forget it? Who has prayed as He did in the agony of leaving His little flock; that they might be kept safely in His love and intact in their own fellowship? Then there was His prayer in the Garden, when flesh was weak. At times we see His exaltation of spirit, so that we know what prayer meant to Him. Yes, Jesus had His unusual situations and His prayer as the need was; so will we have ours.

Let us look at this prayer of ordinary situations, of common days. In the outset, Jesus gets rid of any idea that some men have that God is just a good influence or a general, impersonal Power. Jesus treats God as a Father, Who has a Home. He honors this Father. He feels this Home to be His own ultimate goal; He wants it to be ours. In the Father's Home the Father's will is done. There is no sin there. That Home is so desirable that Jesus calls it the Kingdom where there is no will but God's will. He conceives of no better living condition for any people.

So we pray: "Father in Heaven, Whose Name be hallowed, we want Your Will to be done; we want it here on earth, even as it is done in Heaven." We pray this with the understanding that there is a place where there is no sin and that place is the Father's Home. There can be no satisfaction in a prayer any less definite.

This is a daring prayer, too. Jesus knew His world—the Greek with his worship of the physical; the Roman with his worship of power; the Jew with his legal-mindedness and spiritual lack. It was a world far from God's will. When we see evil in the lead, can we dare to pray as Jesus taught? God grant it. This is not a sick man's prayer exactly, it is not just a hungry man's prayer or even a bereft man's prayer. We will have our times when the heart may be poured out to God for definite and dire needs, but it takes character to pray this prayer—to really pray it, every day.

Turning to our common life, we are to bring God's will here where we live, in prayer and in deed. God is interested in us, right where we are. A lot of Jesus' life and teaching has to go with the prayer for "daily bread." We may have to quit sinning and go to producing, to get our share of daily bread. We may have to part with one of our coats or our cloak to get God's Will into the daily bread problem, so far as we are concerned. The law of our earth is one of man's constant cooperation with God, and our earth produces enough for all. The prodigal had to turn about from sin to get his share. We can not put our prayer apart from life and the highest prayer-life can not refuse to work, nor can it be self-centered. This very prayer for "daily bread" is part of the economic struggle with which we are concerned, and if the Christian folk alone would pray it as Jesus meant it to be prayed, age-long loads would be lifted from lives tomorrow.

"Forgive us as we forgive." We are never paid up in this life. How much we owe to God, to folk. What can we dare to say for ourselves? By carelessness, sometimes by actual intention, we have hurt and hindered other lives. Constantly we are debtor, to man and God. Surely we can be generous with our fellow man. Jesus stressed this so much —no room for resentment toward others, for this spirit brings about every wickedness in the world. Peace comes by forgiving and being forgiven. Only by this forgiveness can we be children of a Father like God and fellows with Jesus, the One of perfect life.

Then there is evil, which Jesus personalizes as the Evil One. In this imperfect

world no one can get away from the fact. More or less, in every life, evil is spoiling God's creation. No one is untempted, not even Jesus Himself was. From without, from within, evil suggestions come. In some lives, because of circumstances often, the sweep of evil is like a terrible, relentless tidal wave. But God is good, He wants to deliver, He wants to guard.

There is the story of the little lame boy, who lived on the bad street, where the old cobblestones hurt his feet. He asked that the street be made smooth for himself and for all the children's feet. We can help God, by fleeing evil, to make good roads for the feet that come after ours. When we know this, God wants us to help Him, that many be not led into temptation. He wants us to break the bands of sin and deliver from evil, with Him. He wants us to be delivered from every evil.

The prayer is not answered yet, for it pictures perfection. The disciples were answered in Jesus' day. They then, and we now, can pray to a Personal God, Who has a Home, about our eating and our wearing; about our being and our doing with our neighbors; about all that evil may attempt to do to us and our fellow men, until we all grow "unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." —*Christian Home.*

MY DAILY DESIRE

TO waken each morning with a smile brightening my face; to greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains; to approach my work with a clear mind; to hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose towards which I am working; to meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart; to be gentle and kind, and courteous through all the hours; to approach the night with the weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done,—this is how I desire to waste wisely my days. —THOMAS DRIER.

THE EASTER STORY

At dawn, in sorrow for the One adored,
Came Mary; but the stone was rolled away,
And lo! the grave was empty where He lay.
And Angels watched the tomb that held the Lord!
And thus, they spake: "Why seek the living here
Among the dead? He is not here, but risen!"
In haste she spread the tidings: "Christ is risen!"
And shortly after Jesus did appear!
"O Grave, where is thy victory? O Death,
Where is thy sting?" Not dead, but risen are
The dear ones gone! And whether near or far
Their spirits dwell, through Him, there is no death!
Thus grieving hearts may know, throughout the earth,
Christ's Resurrection brings, through death, new birth!

—*Alice Berlingett.*

PRAYER

O Thou, who dost give the day for labor and the night for rest, help us to work thy works while yet the daytime lasteth, that when the night shuts in around us we may rest in thee. Teach us, we pray thee, and help us, to do thy will not with eye-service but heartily; not as those who shrink from service, but those who find their joy in duties done. One by one as opportunities present themselves for kindness, for helpfulness, for generosity, may we take and use them to the glory of thy holy name, and the building up of thy great kingdom on the earth. Amen.

PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM.

"That we may not complain of what is, let us see God's Hand in all events; and that we may not be afraid of what shall be, let us see all events in God's Hands."

CORRESPONDENCE AND APPEALS

MISS ETHEL H. STUDLEY, *Chairman*
56 School Street, Hingham, Mass.

If you wish to become a member of this Department, please send the Chairman the following information:

Your name, age and address (give your name in full, also your husband's first name); names and ages of your children; or, if you are not married, names and ages of your brothers and sisters; name and address of your minister.

State clearly whether you wish (1) to correspond with someone; (2) to study by mail; (3) to appeal for some article on our approved list, which does not include money or clothing.

Be sure to give all the information requested.

When a correspondent moves to a new address, notice must be sent to the Chairman of this Department.

CORRESPONDENCE

The following would like a correspondent:

51. A forty-five year old mother of five children in North Carolina.

52. A widowed mother of five children in Virginia. She is thirty-six, and would like to write to someone of her own age.

53. A twenty-five year old mother of four children in Tennessee, whose baby is four months old.

54. An unmarried woman of twenty in North Carolina who is the oldest of nine children.

55. A young married woman of twenty in Virginia.

56. A mother of two chillren aged three and two years, in Tennessee.

57. A mother of three children in North Carolina. The youngest is one and one-half years old. The father cannot work much as he is troubled with asthma.

58. A thirty-seven year old mother in North Carolina.

59. A sixty-seven year old widow in Arkansas whose only son is in bad health because of a severe burn over his whole body.

60. A twenty-seven year old mother in Tennessee who has six children, the youngest two months old.

61. A forty-five year old mother of five grown-up children in Virginia. Her seventy-six year old mother lives with her.

62. A forty-eight year old mother of ten children in Virginia. The oldest is thirty-two, and the youngest is six.

63. A fifty-nine year old woman in Texas, who is taking care of her three granddaughters whose mother is in the insane hospital.

64. A forty-five year old mother in North Carolina, whose nine children are from twenty-four to three years old.

65. A woman in North Carolina who has been a member of the Exchange for many years, and who would now like to have a correspondent.

66. A twenty-one year old mother of three children in Arkansas, whose baby girl is three months old.

67. A forty-three year old mother of nine children in Virginia. Some of the daughters are already on our list.

68. A young mother in Arkansas who has one child a year old. She is twenty-one, and writes an interesting letter.

69. A fifty-eight year old woman in Virginia who keeps house for her seventy-five year old husband and an eleven year old grandson.

70. An unmarried woman in North Carolina whose mother is on our list.

71. A twenty-three year old mother in North Carolina whose husband is away at work most of the time, and who has a little boy three months old.

72. A mother in Tennessee who has been remembered by the Exchange be-

fore, and who now wishes to have a correspondent. She has a little girl five years old, and a little boy a year-and-a-half old.

73. A twenty-seven year old mother of two children in Oklahoma, who lives seven miles from any town.

74. A widowed mother of four children in North Carolina. The children are from thirteen to nineteen years old.

75. A woman in North Carolina who has been remembered before by the Exchange. Her children are grown up, but she takes care of an eleven year old granddaughter. She is fifty-eight years old.

76. A thirty-three year old wife in Arkansas.

77. A woman in Arkansas who cannot get out much as she has rheumatism. She is fifty years old and her husband is sixty-three. Her daughter is nineteen, and her son is fourteen.

78. A young unmarried woman of twenty-four who lives with her eighty year old grandmother in Arkansas.

79. A twenty-eight year old mother of three children who has lately moved into a new part of Virginia and knows nobody.

80. A widowed mother of seven children in North Carolina. She is thirty-five years old, and lives ten miles from town.

81. A woman in Arkansas, thirty-three years old, who has no children but who takes care of her invalid mother and does not get out much. She would like a correspondent from Rhode Island.

82. An unmarried woman in Tennessee who was dropped by one of our branches through no fault of her own. She is twenty-six years old.

83. A twenty-five year old mother in Arkansas who has one boy four years old.

84. A fifty-three year old woman in Arkansas who lives alone with her sixty-seven year old husband. She is crippled with rheumatism and seldom goes anywhere.

85. A widowed mother of four children in Arkansas who is thirty-seven years old.

86. A very elderly lady in Missouri who cannot see to read fine writing.

87. A twenty-one year old mother in North Carolinia who lives on a farm about two miles from church and is fond of letter writing. She has a girl four years old and a boy two years old.

88. A mother of four children in Virginia, the youngest of whom is about three months old. She is thirty.

89. A twenty-one year old mother in Arkansas who has two little children and a baby four months old.

90. A mother of two boys, two and five years old, in Texas. She is twenty-three.

TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS

When you apply for membership, can you not tell something interesting about yourself and your family? It is hard for our members to choose names without some definite information. If you give all the necessary information in the first letter, it will not be necessary to wait for an enrollment blank, and time and money for postage can be saved.

TO OUR CHAIRMEN

Appeals may still be obtained from the chairman of this department. The response to this temporary experiment has been most gratifying. Please do not fail to forward to the chairman all letters you receive from those who are not your regular correspondents.

IN MEMORIAM

Rev. A. A. Smith of Kinston, N. C.
January, 1939.

He was the Founder and Principal of McDaniel Industrial School for Colored Children. A truly Christian gentleman, and an inspiration to the students of his school, which has been on our Library list for about twenty years.

Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.—*John* 11:25:26.

THE STORY OF A QUILT

SHE sits before me with her level brows and her eyes the blue so often found among seafaring folk. And with her work-worn fingers she touches lovingly a "block" from an old quilt which had belonged to her mother. It is a red and green plaid, the crimson and gold threads running through the material suggesting the crossroads on an old map. And like the map, the quilt has a story which today comes back to me, partly as a memory of my friend's face, beautiful as a portrait by Vermeer, partly in the memory of her gestures. For there is a poignant lightness in the caress of work-worn hands. Scarcely do the fingers come in contact with the loved memento, but hover above it, as if fearing to mar with her heavier touch of the present the radiant vitality of the past. Yes, and partly the story comes back to me through the "block" of quilt itself and the pages of a yellow manuscript.

The story begins with two young girls who lived in Truro in the year 1828. Their names were Lydia and Hannah Rich, and their father, John Rich, owned acres of pasture and woodland which had come down to him in a line since the town was first settled.

Lydia and Hannah, aged thirteen and fifteen! How clearly we see their eager young faces as they welcome their eldest brother, Abram, just returned from a long voyage. These Puritan maidens, who had never had a Christmas present, never hung up a stocking, or even owned a doll, whose mother, like every other mother of that day, spun and wove the cloth from which their dresses and coats were made, and carded the yarn from which they themselves knitted their mittens and hoods—can we realize their happiness when each was presented with a package containing a dress bought in far-away Calcutta?

Faithfully the manuscript describes the pattern of the dresses. Cut exactly alike, lest one should seem prettier than the other, they consisted of a skirt and pelisse, brought in at the waist with a red belt fastened with a pearl buckle. Faithfully, too, the manuscript describes the bonnets of straw which accompanied the dresses. These, we read, had a flare front in which was gathered green and red plaid silk to match the broad ribbon which tied in a bow under the chin.

But here is the picture as my friend painted it: "The following Sunday, a bright morning in early spring, the girls wore the new dresses. For a fortnight protracted meetings had been held and now the people gathered from far and near in the meeting-house. They came on horseback and in ox-teams, so that the church, the aisles and stairways, and even the churchyard were soon filled to overflowing. Then it was the minister called the people to go over into the adjoining valley. So he led them on, singing praises to God, on into the wonderful amphitheater. And when the vast congregation was seated on the steep mountain-cranberry covered sides of the bowl, standing at their feet, he preached to them in that more than two hundred foot valley.

"Among the company was Salathiel Hamilton, a youth of seventeen, who had lived all his life as a near neighbor to Lydia Rich. But on this Sunday, as he sat on the side of the hill and the minister's appeal to young and old alike stirred his heart, he saw Lydia Rich as if for the first time. In the round valley, under the kindly sunshine, Salathiel Hamilton resolved to win Lydia Rich, and six years afterwards, history tells us, they were married.

"As today, so in the days of Lydia's courtship," the story continues, "great preparations were made for the wedding. What mattered if the start in married life were only in one or two rooms? A table, a few chairs, a chest of good mahogany, a set of china dishes, and some silver spoons, and the groom had done his part. The following year he would build his own home. As for the bride, for weeks and months she had pieced together scraps of bright cloth, for she indeed was esteemed a good wife who brought her husband many quilts. Therefore it was

natural that at this time Lydia should think of the pretty foreign dress, long since outgrown. Reverently she opened the old haircloth covered trunk. Yes, she would make the dress into a quilt. Then she could keep it always on the best, the spare bed in her new home."

This, then, is the story of the quilt which still lives on in the "block" of material whose crimson and gold threads, like the crossroads on an old map, still tell of youthful romance, religious fervor, calm happiness, in an old land ever new—the land of heart's desire fulfilled.

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

OL' DADDY DO-FUNNY

"Ol' Daddy Do-Funny, how is you dis mawnin'?"
"I'se well, thank God! I'se well dis mawnin'!
Mah ol' leg is stiff, an' mah arm ah kaint lif',
I'se got a misery in mah ches',
An' ah sure got heart distress,
But I'se well, thank God! I'se well dis mawnin'."

"Ol' Daddy Do-Funny, how curus you talk!
How comes it youse *well* when you kaint hardly walk?"
"Hush, you foolish chile! Hush!
Kaint you hear dat bird a-singing in de bush?
Kaint you feel dat nice cool breeze,
Kaint you see dose leaves upon de trees?
Dis ol' leg and dis ol' knee,
Lawd-a-massy, dey aint me!
I'se well, thank God! I'se well dis mawnin'."

—*Ruth McEnery Stuart.*

"To feel the throb of a new purpose, to stand before men a type of the Man, giving sympathy, help, hope to all—this is to feel the Easter time and to live the Easter hope."

There's always a voice saying the right thing to you somewhere, if you'll only listen for it.

A SMILE OR TWO

Hubby: "Don't bring me any more bills, dear, I can't face them."

Wife: "You needn't, darling. I only want you to foot them."—*People's Journal* (Dundee).

Patron: "Look here, waiter, I ordered chicken pie, and there isn't a single piece of chicken in it."

Waiter: "That's being consistent, sir. We also have cottage cheese, but so far as I know there isn't a cottage in it."—*Pasadena Post.*

The teacher called upon Marjorie, aged six.

"I have a question for you," said the teacher. "When it's 3 o'clock in Peoria, it's 4 o'clock in New York. Do you know why?"

"Of course I do," asserted Marjorie wisely. "New York's a faster town!"—*Wall Street Journal.*

She: "I don't think I'd marry the best man on earth."

He: "If you marry me you wouldn't be taking that risk."

For men who are lazy about tending to the lawn in the summer here's a warning: Give dandelions an inch and they'll take a yard.

One evening, tired after a difficult day, the American statesman handed the menu back to the Negro waiter and said: "Just bring me a good meal." He put a generous tip on his plate.

A good meal, a very good meal was served. This happened several times.

When he was waited upon for the last time by the Negro, the statesman trebled the tip as a good-by gesture. Just before he was ready to leave the table, his now devoted waiter leaned over his chair confidentially.

"Thank you, sah," he said; "an' if you done got any othah frien's what can't read, you jes' send 'em to me, sah."—*Tit-Bits.*

THE EGYPTIANS CALLED IT "THE LIGHT"

THE Pharaohs themselves are now but phantasms, . . . but the Pyramids are with us still; solid, bulky memorials which have become an enduring part of the rocky stone plateau upon which they were built. Ancient Egypt continues to hold the attention and to grip the interest of the modern world, chiefly because it has left us these stupendous testimonies to its existence. . . .

Pliny the Roman wrote down somewhere that the three Pyramids had filled the earth with their renown, and now, two thousand years after he scribed that statement, we may say unhesitatingly that time has taken nothing away from that renown. I wrote, not long ago, to a few friends who live in a semi-secluded existence in the remote interior of the South Indian peninsula; men who had hardly ever crossed the long ridge of hills that neighbor them, who scarcely ever troubled the world and who were scarcely ever troubled by the world, and I told them about some researches I was making at the Great Pyramid. It was not necessary for me to explain where and what the latter was; I knew that they knew, and the reply, when it came, proved that my assumption about these simple Indian folk was correct.

These ancient, time-defying monuments excite the interest of the learned and attract the curiosity of the layman, partly because they emerge out of the abyss of the centuries and partly because their immense size stupefies even a generation which has become familiar with massive structures. When we first glimpse the Pyramids, we seem to arrive at a strange, ancient epoch whose age is fitly expressed in the strangeness of these unfamiliar outlines; we are struck with amazement when we consider how the hands of primitive men could have raised such monstrous artificial mountains on a desert plateau to rival the creations of Nature herself.

When the Grecian conquerors first penetrated Egypt and sighted these incredible buildings, lifting their pointed peaks to the desert sky, they stared silently and caught their breath: and when the Grecian sages of Alexander's time drew up their list of the seven wonders of the world, they placed the Pyramids at its head. Today, these alone are left standing out of the seven. . . .

Although the impressive skyscraping towers of New York have now outdistanced the Pyramid, the fact remains that throughout the known history of the world and until lately the Pyramid remained its highest man-made structure, dwarfing all others, a wonder for the ancients and a riddle for the moderns. . . .

I came to know the Great Pyramid under every one of the marvellously changing lights of Egypt. At dawn the first rays would touch it a silver grey; the disappearing sun would leave it a pale violet; while under the mysterious light of a full moon every stone from base to apex would appear as if bathed in a bluish phosphorescence tinged with silver.

Yet the Great Pyramid which we see today is not the Pyramid that the ancients saw. Theirs was covered with a fine, white, smooth, polished limestone casing on each of its four sides that reflected the sun's rays with a fierce brilliance, and that physically justified its old Egyptian name of *The Light.*

—From "A Search in Secret Egypt," by Paul Brunton.

A SONG OF SPRING

Spring comes this way! Before the first
Thin line of green across the ground,
Before her cup brims to the thirst
Of those too long by winter bound,
The robin with his copper bell
Rings out the news in one clear note
That sounds the gong of winter's knell:
He sings, with frost still at his throat.
But in his heart he wears the red
Of sunsets fair and yet to be;
For dreaming is his daily bread,
And faith his certain melody.

—Eleanor Alletta Chaffee.

ONE SOLITARY LIFE

Here is a man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in another obscure village.

He worked in a carpenter shop until he was thirty, and then for three years he was an itinerant preacher.

He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. . . . He never traveled two hundred miles from the place where he was born.

While still a young man, the tide of public opinion turned against him. His friends ran away. One of them denied him.

He was turned over to his enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. . . . He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone, and today he is the centerpiece of the human race and the leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the Parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has that One Solitary Life. —*Anon.*

LITTLE THINGS MAKE BIG MOMENTS FOR SMALL CHILDREN

"EVERY time I had lunch at grandmother's," said a woman who was talking over childhood days with friends, "she put the milk in a little pitcher shaped like a cow and when in use the milk poured from its mouth. That was a high moment."

"My aunt's box of odds and ends was my big thrill," said another woman. "She saved everything I could possibly use, from small empty toilet bottles to unmatched cups and saucers, some real grown-up chinaware. Never will I forget those days at her house."

"My mother's bedtime scrapbook was my great treat," said another one of the group. "Whenever she read a poem or a story that she knew we would like, or found an interesting article about boys and girls she pasted it into a big scrapbook. We never were allowed to look at this book except at bedtime, when she read to us from it.

"My father gave me one of the big moments of childhood," said a guest. "He had a brown cane made of gnarled wood with a silver tip. If I was a very good girl when he came home at night, he would let me play with this cane. We made it into a shepherd's crook, a magic wand, a juggler's implement, and a weapon against dangerous animals in the jungle of our plays. We had so much fun with that simple cane that I have saved it as a memento of happy hours with my father."

"It does not take much to give children high moments," said a mother thoughtfully. "We all should try to plan more of them for our boys and girls, nieces and nephews, or the children on our street. I remember mother made me a tiny luncheon set of my own, from some odds and ends of linen she had on hand. She embroidered flowers in the corners of the cloth and of each napkin. Whenever I had another child to play with me and we had cookies or lemonade I brought out my luncheon set and put it on my play table. No modern hostess will ever get a bigger thrill out of her damask and silver than I out of that luncheon set."

"Your reminiscences remind me of a friend whom my children named 'The uncle with a pocket,' " said the senior member of the group. "Every time he visited us he displayed one bulging pocket of his coat. The children took turns dipping into this as if it were a grab bag, until it was empty. The surprises were simple; lollypops, a coin, a puzzle, a peanut man, but each article was mysteriously wrapped and tied so the pocket became an exciting adventure. What fun it is to do little things for children and share their happiness."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A LITTLE APRIL FOOL UNDER THE SHAVINGS

By Frances Margaret Fox

IT was about fifty years ago when a little girl whose name was Belle planned an April Fool joke on her mother and sisters. She lived in a log cabin on a backwoods farm away up in Northern Michigan. On that long ago first day of April this little girl deliberately planned to get out of washing the dishes. And it was her turn to do them, too!

The minute her mother's back was turned after breakfast, Miss Belle sneaked out of the house and followed her father to the shop where he made cedar shingles.

He was not surprised when she opened the door, stamped the snow from her feet, and walked in.

"I thought I would come and stay with you for a while this morning," she said ever so pleasantly. She didn't speak of April Fool jokes to him, and it was not in her plan to say April Fool to her mother and sisters.

"I'll fool them, that's all," she said to herself in her mind, "and then, after the dishes are washed by someone, and in the cupboard, I'll go back in the house and just think—April Fool!"

There was a reason why the little girl's father was not surprised when she said she had come to stay for a while. He was an easy-going sort of father, and his girls, and boys, too, were in the habit of visiting him in the shop every time they had a chance to get away from their mother.

You see, she was not easy-going. She kept the boys and girls busy from morning until night if they stayed in the house. She would not ever let them read in peace, not even after they supposed that the work was all finished. That mother could always think up something that had to be done the minute she saw a small boy or girl sit down in a corner with a book. She was a good, kind mother, too, but her favorite motto was, "For Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do!"

Down in her father's shop that morning Belle was not exactly happy. She kept looking out of the window as if she expected to see someone coming. But even so, it was her father who first saw the cabin door open, and a second later, with a twinkle in his eye, he said,

"Your mother is coming down the hill —bareheaded—in a hurry. She seems to be looking for somebody!"

"Oh dear, oh dear!" wailed the little girl. "She is after me,—and look at the big stick she is waving. Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do?"

Belle had not expected any help from her father, so she was surprised when he said,

"Hop in that empty barrel in the corner, and I'll hide you under shavings!"

She hopped in, and all in a second he gathered up big scooping armfuls of cedar shavings and piled them in on top of her sunny head. Then back he went to work at making shingles as if nothing had happened.

The door opened, and Belle, under the shavings, heard her mother say,

"Where is that girl?"

"Girl," inquired her father, "what girl?"

"Why, Belle, of course. I saw her run down here. It is her turn to wash the breakfast dishes. Where is she?"

"I don't see her," the father answered. Then he said, "What are you going to do with that stick?"

"I am thinking that I shall paddle her good and hard with it for running away from her duty," was the reply.

"Well, well," said Father, "I wonder where the child can be?"

Now perhaps he winked at Belle's mother, because she looked everywhere for the little girl except under the shavings in the barrel.

As soon as the door closed behind her mother, a rumpled head was poked out of the barrel.

"Is she gone?" Belle inquired in a

scared whisper.

"Yes," father answered, "and I really believe that the best thing for you to do is to go straight back to the house and wash the breakfast dishes!"

"So do I," agreed Belle. "I am afraid I'll get the paddling anyway, but I've got to go—so good-bye!"

"Good-bye and good luck," said the little girl's father cheerfully.

Belle didn't say one word when she entered the log cabin. She washed her hands and walked to the table where the dishes were stacked high, and poured hot water in the dishpan. Then she began washing those dishes as if they were dear old friends.

Not a word was said to the little girl by her mother or her smiling sisters about where she had been, nor why she had some back so suddenly. But it seemed to Belle that morning as if the cups and saucers, the plates, the spoons, the knives and forks, kept saying to her over and over, as she danced them from the soapsuds into the rinsing pan, and dried them and marched them into the cupboard,

"Soapy, sudsy, April Fool,
Soapy, sudsy, April Fool,
April Fool, April Fool!"

—*Courtesy of The Beacon.*

MISS BELINDA'S NEIGHBORS

Miss Belinda had moved in to her new little home the day before, and now she was hanging out her washing. It was a windy day, and the sheets went swish-swish-spank! as soon as they were hung on the line.

There were three pairs of eyes watching Miss Belinda. The eyes belonged to Jeremy Muggins and Joseph Muggins and James Muggins. They were triplets, and they all looked just alike with their curly red hair and their bright blue eyes and the freckles on their noses. They were standing at the edge of their own yard, right where it stopped being their yard and became Miss Belinda's yard.

When the sheets on the line began to go swish-swish-spank! the three little Mugginses laughed out loud. "What a funny noise!" said James.

Miss Belinda looked over her clothesline at her three neighbors. Then she dropped a pillowcase right on the ground. Jeremy Muggins ran over quickly and picked it up for her.

"Thank you," said Miss Belinda. "But I wish you three children wouldn't stand there watching me like that. I declare, it makes me dizzy to see you all three looking just alike!"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Miss Belinda," said Jeremy. "We won't watch you any more. Mother doesn't like us to bother any of the neighbors. We didn't know it would bother you to have us watch you."

"Well, it does," said Miss Belinda, and she hung the pillowcase on the line. It went swish, swish, spank! like the sheets.

So the three little Mugginses began to play tag in their own back yard. They were having a very good time when all of a sudden Miss Belinda cried, "Help, help! Oh dear, oh dear!"

Across the yard ran Jeremy and Joseph and James. There was Miss Belinda holding up an end of the clothes line, and the clothes were all dragging on the grass.

"Did it break?" said James.

"Yes, it broke!" wailed Miss Belinda, "right in the middle. Oh, could you children hold the line up while I tie it together again?"

"Of course we could," said Jeremy.

"There's a little piece of rope hanging on your porch railing," said Joseph.

"Why, so there is," said Miss Belinda. "That will do to tie it with."

"This is clean grass," said James. "The clothes didn't get dirty."

"Well," said Miss Belinda, "I can be thankful for that, anyway. Now let's see if I can tie these ends together."

Jeremy held the line up near one end, while Joseph held it up near the other end. In the middle, James helped Miss Belinda keep the broken ends together while she tied them with the good stout piece of rope.

"Isn't it nice there are three of us to help you?" said Joseph. "Just one boy wouldn't have been much good."

Miss Belinda looked thoughtful but she said nothing until she finished tying the knot.

"There," she said when it was done. "I can't thank you children enough. And now that I come to think it over, I guess you may watch me whenever you like."

—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Budding Editor: "What are the most useful things in an editorial office?"

Veteran: "A blue pencil, a waste basket, a bottle of mucilage, and subscriptions."—*Unidentified.*

"How did the Smith wedding go off?"

"Fine, until the parson asked the bride if she'd obey her husband."

"What happened then?"

"She replied, 'Do you think I'm crazy?' and the bridegroom, who was in a sort of daze, replied, 'I do.' "—*Kentish Mercury.*

EASTER

Old winter with his spell of gloom
Has passed away:
The sunshine and the Empty Tomb
Are here today.
Spring's call comes echoing o'er the hills,
Through copse and bower,
And, on green graves are daffodils
A-flower.
They knew, those mourning ones of old
Their Risen Lord,
And at His Feet in joy untold
Bowed and adored.
So, at His Altar we with faith
And hope re-born,
Will hail Him conqueror of death
On Easter Morn.

—*Beatrice Rosenthal.*

Thou who art the resurrection and the life, may we live and believe in thee.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE

MISS ANNA E. SIBLEY, *Chairman*, 82 Browne Street, Brookline, Mass.
MRS. H. LEWIS STONE, *Secretary*, 159 Union Street, Randolph, Mass.
MISS EDITH L. JONES, *Treasurer*, 11 Dana Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Meetings at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, at 10.30 A.M. the first Friday of each month from October to May inclusive.

ITS PURPOSE

To cheer and comfort those who are ill, lonely, or discouraged, and to give to those living far from a church some of the inspiration of the printed word by the publication of one good sermon, or similar article in each issue of the *Cheerful Letter Magazine.* Only such simple religious truths and principles as are agreed upon by all churches are printed.

To help those who live far from schools, or who wish to continue their studies by means of correspondence with a teacher.

To establish Circulating Libraries in isolated communities, schools, and colleges in rural and mountain districts where public libraries and other educational privileges are not available.

WHERE TO WRITE

Letters containing subscriptions to the paper, fifty cents a year, and *money from the Sunshine Bags* should be sent to the Cheerful Letter Exchange, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. Checks or postal orders should be made payable to the Cheerful Letter Exchange.

Letters asking for correspondents and appeals to be printed in the *Cheerful Letter Magazine, also letters asking for help in studying at home* should be sent to Miss Ethel H. Studley, 56 School Street, Hingham, Mass. Anyone, young or old, who is unable to continue work at an educational center may become a correspondent.

Letters about the establishment of Circulating Libraries should be sent to Mrs. Neal D. Randall, *Chairman,* 12 Stearns Street, Westwood, Mass. A Circulating Library will be started in any small community that is in need of one, if proper location and care can be furnished and satisfactory references given.

Information concerning Rural Schools should be sent to Mrs. Laura M. Hurst, 78 Penfield Street, Roslindale, Mass.

WEEKS & DOTEN CO
BOSTON, MASS.